DR. PARKER'S FUNNY BOOK.

FULL OF HIS RUMOR, THOUGH IT MAKES READERS SOLEMN.

Eing Prempeh and His Follow Prisoners Cruelly Treated-A Bout with the Folls Between Str Charles Dilke and a Famous French Expert An Advanced Young Woman Declines a Proferred Bent,

LONDON, Oct. 16 .- All the world knows the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, pastor of the London City Temple, or if not, then it is the world's fault and not Dr. Parker's. He is the Talmage of London-a sort of glorified Talmage-and Lendon esteems him accordingly. There was talk of draping the Mansion House in mourning, when, soon after Beecher's death, Dr. Parker suddenly made up his mind that it was his duty to fill the vacancy in the pulpit of Piy-mouth Church. Beccher's sorrowing parishioners did not see the matter in the same light as did Dr. Parker, but what was their loss in all these years has been London's gain, and London is not ungrateful.

Recently the pangs of popular anxiety in this metropolis over the European crisis and other threatening ills have been augmented by a new Persistent reports that Dr. Parker would soon retire from the City Temple pulpit have passed from lip to lip, and have car-ried chill dismay into hundreds of British homes. When public apprehension could bear the suspense no longer and Dr. Parker was bein cruel enigmas. Finally he conceded the meagre assurance that he would not go since this pronouncement, Dr. Parker's parishtoners have been hoping for the best, but preparing for the worst. Yesterday their fears were again excited by an apparently innocent circumstance. Dr. Parker published a book. It is a remarkable book. After reading it, most persons are unwilling to express any opinion regarding what the author might or might not

The title of the volume is "Might Have Been." It is supposed to be a funny book-not the vulgar, uproarious sort, but full of a delicate, subtle humor that tickles the intellectual palate and suggests the latest sauce piquonic in a Parisian menu. I will not say a word in disparagement of Dr. Parker as a humorist, still less would I imply that his cloth carries with it any disability in that direction. Ministers of religion have been severely criticised in this country within a few days for venturing outside their usual field of effort. A member of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet declared on a public platform this week: "I have every respect for ministers of religion in their proper place, but I know no more unsafe public guides on foreign affairs, for they are governed by sentiment, and have no idea of reason." But that has nothing to do with Dr. Parker's funny book. It shall speak for itself without any characterization from me.

First, it should be explained on behalf of the author that the book comprises a series of imaginary interviews obtained with the aid of a machine invented by himself and known as "the dreamograph." Everybody whom the world has known in the present generation, from Lord Beaconsfield to Henry Ward Beecher, is introduced. This, for instance, about Lord

Salisbury:
Lord Salisbury sent for me. He was very pleasant. "Parker," said he, "drop in any time rou are passing and take pot-luck." I replied:
"The same to you, and many of them." I was servous. It was in the middle of May, yet through sheer nervousness I was on the point of saying. "I wish you a happy New Year." I am the only Dissenting minister who is on heb-nobbing terms with a real Marquis. This makes Dissent almost respectable. On this ground I have been asked to join the local tennis club. The clubbers did not name my blazing genius, my unfathomable erudition, or my lovely disposition; they remarked only on my friendly relation to the Marquis. What is the chief end of man? To know a Marquis and giorify him forever.

Of course, Mr. Gladstone comes next, and to this effect:

this effect:

Been at Hawarden. Spent week with Mr. Gladstone. We spoke a new language each day, fluently beginning with Chinese. I got up my subjects, and took good care always to start the conversation myself, so that I could extemporize my boundless knowledge. I well remember beginning on the Round Towers of Antrim, knowing how deeply he was interested in all firsh questions. I thought he would like to know something about the round towers, as I supposed his studies had never taken him into such a subject. In poitshed Chinese I descanted on the three round towers in Antrim, which I described as a maritume county, and even venon the three round towers in Antrim, which I de-ceribed as a maxime county, and even ven-tured to say that it was in the province of Ulster. I told him that one round tower at Antrim was ninety-five feet high. I was very cloquent in the three round towers. Mr. Glad-stone listened intently, so I felt I was making an impression upon him. When I paused for a moment, he briefly remarked: "You have over-loosed the fourth of the Antrim towers-only a fragment it is true-past the old church of

one more sample:

Ran down to Hughenden for a few days to see Randown to Hughenden for a few days to see Ben Disiaeli. I thought this only fair, after honoring Mr. Gladstone with so much of my attention. Fair's fair, even in politics. Distatel would have felt it if he had known that had spent so much time with Gladstone. It wondered on what subjects I should cram so as to floor the brilliant Jew and set my contemptuous foot upon his white waistcoat. He was a striking-looking man, was Ben the brilliant—tall, spare, large-eyed, and ringloted in a small way. He seemed gratified to see me. I lie seemed gratified to see me. small way. He seemed gratified to see me. I I got up my own genealogy, and put into his hands the ancient charter, by which we reserved the right to hang ourselves if we felt so disposed: Mandavimus enim ballivo libertatis predicte quod ad certes dies, &c. Having glanced at this, Hen said! I might sit down, and welcome. He said ne had respect for the men of the Tyne, north and south. He assied me how things were getting on at the Devil's Water, and I said. "Pretty middlin'; hoo's yersel'?" He seemed puzzled.

There are 300 or more pages of this sort of thing. The same rich, subdued humor runs through it all. An impression has been created among the congregation at the City Temple that the pastor has been sadly overworked and that he peeds a long holiday.

There are lying imprisoned in two small moment a group of fourteen men and women who have been so unfortunate as to incur the greedy displeasure of the British Government. The rooms are each only twelve feet square, bare of comforts, unsanitary, and obviously overcrowded. The occupants are kept thus indecently herded together under lock and key and carefully guarded. The chief victim of this ignominious treatment is an individua whose name was familiar in the world's affairs only a short year ago. He was then a reigning sovereign, a King, in fact, and the British empire, having no greater ambition then in hand, did him the honor to make war upon him. The life of a Prince of the blood was sacrificed, and there were other losses in the mimic campaign, but it was a bloodless war, for not a shot was fired during the two months or more it lasted.

Ashanti was annexed to the British empire, and King Prempeh was dethroned and taken prisoner. But the real object of the expedition was not accomplished. That object, in plain English, was plunder. The rich loot which had been expected was not to be found. It had disappeared, but the invaders would not believe it did not exist. The captors secured only a few thousand dollars' worth of tawdry trumpery. The story at once got about that a fabulous amount of treasure in gold and precious stones had been buried by the King's slaves just before the arrival of the British troops and that the secret of the place of concealment had been put effectually beyond the possibility of betrayal by the beheading of the pit diggers as

soon as their task had been accomplished. The conquerors of Ashanti were highly exasperated by this disappointment. So were their masters in Downing street, London, it is the practice of brigands and other barbarians in search of plunder to torture their victims, whom they suspect of concealing treasure upon which they are anxious to lay their hands. It is easy to imagine the indignation and contempt with which the British toovernment would receive a suggestion that it had adopted the policy of medieval freehooters toward King Prempeh. But it is a fact that the treatment of the prisoners huddled together in the fort at St. George d'Elmina amounts to persecution such as no sivilized Government in Europe would dare

to inflict upon prisoners in its home jails. The confinement of fourteen men and women indiscriminately in two small rooms, where they are obliged to sleep, eat, and exist without change or respite, would be a sufficiently gross outrage in a country like England, but when such a punishment is inflicted in the awful climate under the equator on the west coast of

Africa, it amounts to bideous cruelty.
It is difficult to imagine what justification of its treatment of King Prempeh the British Government would offer if called upon. He has failed to pay an immense war indemnity, to be sure, but it remains to be proved that he has the wherewithal to satisfy the outrageous claim. He has made recently a forcible protest in the shape of a "humble petition" to Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary. In that

document his case is set forth to this effect: Since 1892 he has been in negotiation with Great Britain with the view of bringing himself and Ashanti under the Queen's protection. For the purpose of furthering these negotiations he in the present year sent envoys to England. These envoys were officially informed that an expedition was about to be despatched to Coomassie, that British officers would accompany them back, and that if the King "offered no resistance the matter would be settled peaceably." The Commissioners on their return informed him (Prempeh) that he was required to send three principal chiefs to Prahau to meet the Governor of the Gold Coast, make submission, and accept the British terms; and also to send two hostages for the observance of these terms, accept a British Resident, give a piece of land for the erection of a Residency, and pay the sought to lay low the spectre, he replied at first | costs of the expedition. He thereupon sent the chief, as required, to make full sub-mission and accept the British terms, of what ill-omen 1897 might bring forth.

During the few days which have elapsed since this pronouncement De Parker's and also sent "two princes of the blood royal," to be held by her Majesty's Government as hostages. that Capt. Donald Stewart informed them that the expedition would come to Coomassie in any event. He (Prempeh) next sent back the deputies and hostages, who returned reporting that they had been turned back and ill-treated by the British. He then despatched Prince Albert Ansel with a letter to Capt, Donald Stewart, stating that he was prepared to accept all the terms notified by the Governor, and that he "had made proclamation throughout his territory that all weapons should be removed to the interior, and that no resistance should be offered to the expedition." No resistance of any sort was offered, and when the British comman der arrived at Coomassie Prempeh signified his submission "by removing his headgear and saudais and by kneeling at his Excellency's feet," This is Prempeh's account of what then hap-

> "His Excellency then demanded the immediate payment of the balance of the indemnity imposed by the treaty of Tomana of 1874, and of the expenses of the present expedition. Your petitioner replied that he was not prepared to pay such an amount at once, but offered such gold as he had in hand, amounting to 300 peregwins, equal to £2,670, and to pay the balance in one week if time were allowed, and to give two hostages as security for the payment thereof. His Excellency refused this proposition, and your petitioner and others were made prisoners and subsequently brought to the coast under the guard of the British troops and lodged in the Fort St. George d'Elmina, where they now are. Your petitioner begs to represent that he has offered no resistance to her Majesty's troops. has accepted the terms put forward by her Majesty's representative, and that he is prepared to pay the indemnity if allowed a reasonable time to collect the amount, but that he cannot arrange for the payment unless he is given opportunity to meet his chiefs, which he cannot do as long as he is detained a prisoner."

> This, then, is the "other side of the story " of the Ashanti expedition-a thieving invasion which the British Government has decided to commemorate by striking a medal for the benefit of the brave participants. In contrast with what I have written, it is interesting to quote the announcement made through the London papers the other day of the sequel of the raid as it is desired it should appear to British eyes:

"The deposed Ashanti monarch, Prempeh. has settled down quietly into the comparative retirement into which circumstances drove him, and is giving the British authorities no trouble."

A bout with the foils, which those who witnessed it describe as one of the closest and cleverest they ever saw, took place one afteralert carriage, and keen eve are more than an offset to the testimony of age which his gray beard conveys, while Col. Desrues's 62 years are marked by a physique of forty. This veterau of the French military and diplomatic services still has looged the fourth of the Antrim towers-only a fragment it is true-near the old church of forty. This veteran of the French military and for Ruy Blos he touched his sword hilt, swag-diplomatic service still has no superior among gered toward the footlights and gave tongue forty. This veteran of the French ministry diplomatic service still has no superior among the fine blades of France, and Sir Charles, who the fine blades of France, and Sir Charles, who to heroics, it was the signal for general applause, and as most of his plays abounded in plause, and as most of his plays abounded in with him. The great English publicist is original in fencing as in all clse, and he arranged with his antagonist in advance that he could, if he liked, change his foil from one hand to the other. "Certainly," responded the Frenchman. "Do

what you like. Hit me on the top of the head if you please with your sword hilt. Everything shall be permitted, but I warn you if you play any tricks I shall certainly touch you." Then the battle began, and it went off with a

rush, for Col. Desrues always forces the fighting. His swiftness and agility are marvellous. His bounds were panther-like and so rapid that the eye could scarcely follow them. Sir Charles parried time after time, playing a close defensive came at first. Nevertheless, he was the first hit. "Touche!" he cried in less than a minute after the first onset. Then the swords flashed again, and in the sharp exchange neither scored. Suddenly Sir Charles changed his sword to his left hand, "Ha!" cried the Colonel, and instantly charged again at his There are lying imprisoned in two small ambidextrous antagonist. There was a crash rooms in an English fortress at the present of steel, and both cried "Touché!" It was a double hit. The Colonel got the blade in the right arm, Sir Charles in the left side. Both stepped back and then the assault began affectionate remembrance attached. again. Sir Charles tried one of his favorite resorts, his own device, I think, for I have never heard of its being used by any other swordsman,

William Watson has put into verse the humiliated pride of Britain on reading Lord Rosesery's confession of British impotence and the downtail of British presite. He no longer lastes the callous conscience of his countrymen with scorpion-like lyrics of "The Purple East." He thus accepts the humble place among the nations which her prodent statesmen and her fears have at length assigned to England:

ned to England:

My Lord: As one not found among the mute on this dread theme—not tard; to realing to their dread theme—not tard; to realing to their lips the peake of flower or fruit, when mightler matter outs the happer lute Pause, and the car on startie souls supine—I material to your ear this voice of mine.

A voice at least not hired nor pressibility. My dream it was, that you would set invoke The just the heir, the beil, man is word to the first one of the first one in same that dream is vario, enough for me. White faction and detraction his and croak, in samess to receive your joyless word.

And profer you a mouratur feasity.

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE.

A FIGHT FOR A FARCE BETWEEN MR. FROHM IN AND MR. BRADY. Alexander Salvini's Enthuniantic Audiences

-A New Exhibit in the Eden Muses Chamber of Horrors-English Actors Sent Flowers to Mr. Abbey's Funeral. If an American play is not performed in England prior to its use on the stage here it cannot be protected against pirates in that country. It is usual, therefore, before producing such a plece in New York to have it perfunctorily acted in London. A cheap theatre is hired for an afternoon, second-rate actors are engaged to memorize the parts, the doors are opened to the public, and the representation required by law for This was not done copyright purposes is given. with "My Friend from India," however, and the unexpected value developed by that farce made a prize for English grabbers. To forestall them two of our managers each obtained acopy of the play, and an authorization to take it to the British metropolis, and they are racing across the Atlantic to see which shall get it on the stage there first. Charles Frohman bought the moral right from Mr. Du Chachet, and Wm. A. Brady made the same sort of purchase from Smyth & Rice, the managers, who own the play for America. Mr. Frohman sent his stage manager, Mr. Humphreys, to London with his cory, and arranged by cable to bring it out in a hurry, with W. S. Penley leading the company. Mr. Brady telegraphed to a London manager to prepare quickly to produce it. The rival agents probably reached London with the manuscripts yesterday. Thus it seems likely that there will be two productions of the farce over there, as Mr. Frohman and Mr. Brady have money and facilities in plenty, and neither is likely to back down. The interesting contest will be as to which can give the earlier performance, as the first in the field will be likelicat to reap the harvest—If there should be one. "My Friend from India" might not make Englishmen laugh at all. In the meanwhile, the author is enjoying a success in celebrity but not in money. The work which managers are now fighting for they would not touch when it was an intried manuscript, and selves and outright for a moderate sum, and yields an ovolatiles to the writer. the unexpected value developed by that farce probably reached London with the manuscripts yesterday. Thus it seems likely that there will be two productions of the farce over there, as Mr. Frohman and Mr. Brady have money and facilities in plenty, and neither is likely to back down. The intersetting contest will be as to which can give the earlier performance, as the first in the field will be likeliest to reap the harvest—lift there should be one. "My Friend from India," might not make Englishmen laugh at all. In the meanwhile, the author is enjoying a success in celebrity but not in morey. The work which managers are now fighting for they would not touch when it was an intried manuscript, and so it was sold outright for a moderate sum, and yields ac royalties to the writer.

A new and elaborate producer of goose flesh has just been added to the Eden Musée "Chamber of Horrors." It is a group of nine figures illustrating the manner of punishment by the Spanish Inquisition. The central object is a male prisoner drawn up by the wrists till his a heavy weight, and both wrists and ankles bleed from the snackles, the latter so freely that the blood drips to the floor in a dark red pool. His chest is bare and his face shows that pool. His chest is bare and his face shows that he isn't having a pleasant time. One of the attendants is pulling at the rope that lifes this man, and at the other side of him is another man engaged in toasting branding irons. At his other sides a woman kneele with her hands moralsed in supplication to four hideously masked judges. Beyond her stands her executioner, an edge on his blade that he will try upon her as soon as the toasted irons have been cooled as per the judges' decree. The woman's face is agonized, and her captors, who do not look like agreeable company for a dark evening, seem to be enjoying the show as much as if they had paid to see it. At the extreme right of the group is an appliance of torture called the "fron tirl," a hollow woeden figure in the shape of a woman, hinged at one side to open at the other. Isig spikes point inward from its sides, and will enter the flesh of the person shut up within the figure. Other instruments of torture are scattered about, just to make things look pleasant, all of them genuine relies, once used in extorting confessions. The faces of the two pris ners are crossed by bright beams of while light, so as to bring them out conspiciously, but the rest of the sicose in which the group stands is dimly lit by the red glow from the furnace.

Alexander Salvini, who is reported as mortalhe isn't having a pleasant time. One of the at-Alexander Salvini, who is reported as mortal-

ly ill at his father's house in Fiorence, Italy, was always sure of a cordial greeting here when he produced a new play or appeared in a new role. To attend on one of his first nights was to be almost convinced that he could stay in this city for half of the theatrical season, though with New Yorkers. He formerly visited the Star, where the behavior of the opening audience was unfailingly remarkable. As the theatre gradulty filled it would become apparent | ror to the close observer that almost every one in the house knew many others in the gathering. and, especially among the women, there was a great to-do or nodding and smilling as wraps were removed. These sociably inclined persons had not the air of first nighters, nor even of frequent visitors to playhouses, and when one of them was seated in a box there was invariably a mighty show of pushing that chair away out and, especially among the women, there was a a mighty snow of pushing that chair away out in front, and then of deligntedly recognizing well-nigh continual. It did not, however, interrupt the speaker, nor interfere seriously with the progress of the play, and it bore the marks of gentileness. Transferred to the Manhattian Opera House, now Kosier d. Blai's, the same degree of cordiality met him; so the cause was not in the offailingly receptive most of the star's first night audiences at that time, but in the actor himself. There is no doubt that his father's fame helped him much, and the lingering reminder in his speech of a strange tongue stood for persistence and helped him also. But more than all, he was a big, handsome fellow, whose manner and bearing were especially well suited to the romantia characters he assumed. The overdrawn incidents of PAringman's career in some way took on at least well-nigh continual. It did not, however, inter-he assumed. The overdrawn incidents of DArtagan's career in some way took on at least a semblance of probability at Saivin's hand, and between the rags of that character's downs and the gayly picturesque artire of his upsthere was a contrast that undoubtedly chalcared him to the women of his audiences. This Styllong ago pointed out that no actor of like ability was so sure of a rousing greeting in this city.

In regard to the neglect of some of the foreign actors who had been brought to America under the management of the late Henry E. Abbey to send expressions of sorrow at his death. Thomas F. Galvin writes from Boston that, as a florist, he received orders by cable from John Hare, Wilson Barrett, Beerbohm Tree, and Mrs. Iree to send flowers to the funeral with words of The cheer which Burr McIntosh incited his

fellow collegians to give in the Princeton paheard of its being used by any other awordsman. He dropped almost to his knees, his left hand touching the ground, and thrust for his opponents body above the groin. The attempt failed. With lightning-like parry and feint, the Colonel's foil reached Sir Charles's mask before he could recover. The fight went on with still greater energy. Sir Charles tried his dropping trick once more, and this time successfully. He got below his opponent's guard, scored, and got away unharmed.

That was the last of the battle, and both men were heartily congratulated by the group of spectators who had witnessed the eplendid contest. The honors were with the Frenchman. He was ten hits to Sir Charles's six. But when they had shaken hands and unmasked. Mosarues remarked fervently that Sir Charles Dilke was indeed un difficile.

William Watson has put into verse the humiliated pride of British prestige. He no longer lashes the callous conscience of his countrymen with scorpion-like lyrics of "The Pours' East." He thus accepts the humils accept to his countrymen with scorpion-like lyrics of The Pours' East." He thus accepts the humils accept to his countrymen with scorpion-like lyrics of The Pours' East." He thus accepts the humils accept the humils accept to his countrymen with scorpion-like lyrics of The Pours' East." He thus accepts the humils accept the humils and other than the place of the heart of the late Matt Morgan. rade, "One, two, three, four, five, sixteen to one

Eleonora Duse, who has been at her home in Venice, is shortly to act in Home and will afterward appear in Russia. She has lately been struggling against the deli-ion of an Ralian court which ordered her to may \$10,000 to her manager for a refusal to go to routh America after she had promised to. The climate and the disturbed political conditions were the excuses she put forward at both hearings of her suit. She is preparing three new roles for Russia. One is the beroine of Paul Hervisn's play, "Les Tensilles," acted at the Comedie Fraucalse in Paris, and the heroine is an adulterous wife. The two other plays are of Italian author-

the piece are sharply divided between the repre

sentatives of these two qualities. Ernest Van Dyck, the tenor, has made his debut as an actor in a performance given in Vienna in honor of the Duke of Orleans's pres ence at Schoenbrunn, One of Alfred de Musset's comedies was played in French.

The Odeon Theatre was opened under the new directors, Antoine and Ginestry, with a dramatic version of Theophile Gautier's novel. "Captain Fraçaise," The play, which was in verse, had been accepted years ago, and as their successive predecessors had refused to mount the play the new managers felt compelled to get rid of it by letting the public, who had been discussing the production for several years, see how bad it really was. Their plan appears to have been a success.

Georg Engels, who acted here last spring, has written a comedy called "The Chaste Suzannot," and it will be acted at the Royal Theatre

used in his revivais of Shakespearean plays in the English provinces.

Hermann sudermann's curious plays, grouped under the title "Monturi," have been played now in most of the larger German cities, and the production met in every place with the same reception it was accorded on its simul-taneous introduction in Berlin and Vienna, Only one of the places—the military episode— has been everywhere successful, and the last of the three has falled every where.

H. Mead of Yonkers, and Frederick R. Hubby of New York city.

H. Bead of Yonkers, and Frederick R. Hubby of New York city.

H. B. Bay Company, to deal in olives and preserves in New York city. Captals, \$20,000, Directors, Horner D. Day, Mary J. Day, and Hornard F. Egan of New York city.

The Sandary Hubbing Inspection Company in the city of New York, its provide for a scattary inspection of buildings, Captals, \$19,000, Directors, A. Bernard Samuel on, Samuel Friedwald, and Joshua Belon of New York city.

The Ideal Poissings Captals, \$19,000, Directors, and Joshua Belon of New York city.

The Ideal Poissings Company of New York city, to mainfacture and deal in stave polish and blacking, Captals, \$10,000, Bircetors, John T. Cothrae of Mount Vernon, William L. Ferber of New York city, and Freeman C. isoffe of New Rochelle, The Victoria Advertising Captals (5,000, Pircetors, Charies H. Cote, D. C. Beardslee of New York city, and William T. Läting of Brooklyn.

Court Calendars This Day,

Court Calendars This Day.

Appellate Division—Supreme Court—Rocess.
Supreme Court—Special Terms—Part I.—Motion
catchance called at 11 A. M. Part II.—Alexa parte matters. Part III.—Chear. Motions. Demargers—Nos.
287, 289. Preferred causes—Nos. 289. 1300. 2418,
4400. Part IV.—Case inflatshed. Law and fact.—
Nos. 1038, 2792, 2607, 2487, 2500, 3299, 4487,
2955, 2931, 1900. 3425, 5602, 2748, 2671, 3108,
3109. 2412, 2835, 1440, 2755, 3097, 3376, 4112,
8443, 3350, 3309, 5504, 3509, 2828, 3150, Part V.—Clear.
Cases from Part IV. Part VII.—Case unfinished. Eleterm. Trial Term—Part III.—Case unfinished. Nos.
1006, 1692, 18819, 3149, 4867, 2267, 2721, 2750,
1692, 18819, 3155, 570, 5712, 3712, 3134,
3135, 3140, 4355, Part V.—Chear. Cases from Part
III. Part VI.—Clear. Cases from Part III. Part
VII.—Clear. Nos. 3746, 3015, 3639, 3638, 3638,
3675, 3675, 3677, 3679, 3677, 3712, 3712,
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37 There are evils worse than the silver question. A young woman entered a London street car yesterday, and when a gentleman offer due he have been as the constant of the consta

translation of the title, and the characters in TWO BRANNIGANS ON TAP.

ONE CAUSED ME. DOLAN TO STEAL MR. BUSANICH'S WATCH.

Bolan-Mr. B. Said That the Other Con Had a Braunigan, Too-Perhaps He Had Morals Don't Drink with Strangers, If there is any part of this story that seems improbable it should be remembered that it was related to a City Magistrate by a man who had taken an oath to uphold the flag and the Countitution, and to preserve the law inviolate, and who had also taken a specific oath to tell nothing but the truth in this particular case. The man is Steven Braunigan, a policeman attached to the West Thirtieth street station. The preliminaries of the policeman's story are not particularly remarkable. They are related by Angust Busanich of 252 West Thirtleth street, who is employed as a rigger by the Cornell Iron Works. Mr. Busanich is a sober and industrious man, who appounces that he is also God fearing and respectable. It happened that at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, or it might perhaps have been a trifle earlier, a matter of five or ten minutes, he is not sure, as he was walking home

C"RELIABLE" **CARPETS**

The fire in 108 AND 110 WEST LITH department, where our surplus stocks are kept, does not interfere with our regular

adjusted, we shall have special bargains to offer in goods damaged by smoke and water.

We are happy to state this is the first fire we have had since our business was estable

LIFE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet and roker, received the other day from Chicago a check which required his endorsement, and, after he had drawn on the back a hemisphere which showed Chicago to be the centre of the universe, he wrote these lines under the picture:

Chicago, the prairie wind's focus. Whose journals so jacutify joke us, how proudly size ecratches Her diamond matches And brage of the railways that broke us.

In the list of answers which he sent last summer to the Paris newspaper that asked, among other questions, what new rôle he expected to sing this winter, Jean do Reszke named the part of Siegfried, without mention of Siegmund, in Die Walkure," which had been announced as me of the novelties to be expected this season. But now the news comes to this country from tenor himself that he will not appear in "Die Walkbre" and will be heard only as Siegird. So one promised feature of the opera seacan has disappeaced. One of the conductors at the opera house last season was unkind enough to say that the Polish singer had no desire o clock yesterday morning, or it might perhaps have been a trifle sariler, a matter of five or in a spin are shownout have been at trifle sariler, a matter of five or in the minutes, he is not sure, as he was walking home after an ewing the trifle sariler, and matter of five or in the minutes, he is not sure, as he was walking home after an ewing the trifle sariler and the comments of the collection of a long part of the language of the long part of a long part of the language of the of the lang o appear as Siegmund because there was no opportunity for him in the last act, but his

The control of the co sonal in character. As it seemed likely to be prolonged her manager stepped to the drew opened it, and told the prina doma that it she was determined to remain there he would leave her in sole possession. She declied that without his trocence the office would be no better for her than any other. So she reflected and some for the rest of the senson at the agure which her contract value for. Mr. Abbey insisted on asserting his periodities with his employees, even when they were most enough, and that habit in itself was enough to make them regard him with no particular affection. He was hever known in these cases to saturat to declate even when the fortunes of his enterprises depended on the good will of his performers. He likelite its press on them was his position in their business relations was,

A cornulent theatrical manager who has had more than his share of lawsuits recently was Capt. Corman's Trotter Gets a Trotley STREET, being confined to our shipping analysed last week by a very young attorney who has taken a claim against him. There kept, does not interfere with our regular business in salesrooms 104 and 106.

In a few days, when insurance has been adjusted, we shall have special burgains of the selectory of the control of the selectory of the selector of the selecto

need the country round about the city has faved ished in 1807.

CASH OR CREDIT

WPERTHWAIT

ON PERTHWAIT

ON PERTHWAIT

ON PERTHWAIT

NEAR 6TH AV.

Brooklyn Stores: Flatbush Av. near fullon St.

Brooklyn Stores: Flatbush Av. near fullon St.

STREET CLEANING GOES ON.

NEITHER SIDE BACKED DOWN, BUT II GOES ON.

Col. Woring Says His Contractors Promland Not to Sue Him for Their Bills
-No It Goes On Mr. Fitch Says Some-thing, Too - And Sweeping Goes On Col. Waring's street sweepers went to work as usual yesterday. Somehow or other, THE SUS deesn't know how, no newspaper except THE SUS had found out on Saturday that the tie-up had been called off, Cel. Waring, 18

appears, had not intended that any announcemost should be made. THE SUS intimated yesterday that Mayor Strong had nodded his head and that the Colone! had surroudered. The Colones -aid yesterday that that wasa't it. He had been relieved, he said, of the responsibility of paying the contractors, and therefore there was no need of his prolonging the tie-up. And so he out all the machinery of his department in mo-Tate has charge of, the collection of paper and rubbish, and he furthermore says that he is not going to collect any of this until Mr. Tate is

taurnut at 150 sexth ayenue on Saturday evening and had a bottle of Rhine wine. He says he paid for it when he ordered it. Reclaim says he didn't. They agree that when the wine was drunk are fields sarted and there was a field. When he had been receipt well reclaim light wine he had been receipt well reclaim Roll. When he had been receipt well reclaim Roll. Sometow in the fracus a plate glass window was straighed. Reflected he was justed through it. Reclaim says Rolls did it purposely. Reclaim he did the relief through the Reclaim Sametow. When he was arranged in Jefferson Market yesterday morning he said his wife's had het was a become.

wife's brother whoca mark. \$100 to be good for a month.

Police Captains Gorman and Martin of Brooklyn had at un pleasant adventure while taking a spin an raturing behalf the \$1,500 chestnut trotter, Frank, owned by Capt Cornan. The Reconstruction of the maintaing of the maintaing of the maintain of the the parameter of the country of the tendence of the maintain of the ma